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H O R Æ N A U S E Æ.

BY

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TRANSLATIONS FROM THE SPANISH.

GIL POLO.

—♦—

Love is not blind, but I alone, who steer
My wishes headlong unto death :
Love is no child, but I ; who in a breath
Laugh and lament, and hope and fear :
What folly then to speak of “ flames of Love ! ”
Love’s fire from untamed passion springs,
High and presumptuous thoughts are Cupid’s wings,
Or hopes as vain on which he soars above.
Love has no chains, Love bears no bow
To take, or strike the sound, and free : .
No power has he save that which we bestow ;
A poet’s fiction gave him birth,
The dream of fools, adored on earth
By none except the sons of vanity.

QUEVEDO.



No more shall custom dash my coward heart,
 Nor shadowy forms nor gloomy fears o'erpower
 My soul, that waits the cold, dark, final hour :
 Soul ! be thyself, arm, courage is thy part.
 If Death, though clad in sorrow's sable weeds,
 Bring peace, a stranger to my troubled breast,
 I'll give him welcome so he give me rest,
 And thank him as his brandish'd dart he speeds.
 Forgive me that I harbour'd childish fears
 Of thee, the struggling soul who comest to aid,
 As now the disentangled mesh it clears,
 Mortality's frail snare : no more afraid
 I welcome thee with smiles, not greet with tears,
 For well I know my Ransom hath been paid.

QUEVEDO.



I SAW, its lofty ramparts undermined,
Crumbling to earth, my native town decay ;
I saw my fathers' house, nor saw resign'd,
Alike assail'd Time's not disdained prey :
Upon its black and Time-dishonour'd wall
My sword ancestral eager I survey'd ;
Devouring Time, triumphant over all,
Had eaten into its corroded blade :
My shorten'd staff still yielded as I prest
The prop on which my age must yet rely,
And all on which my hand or eye could rest
Gave sad and solemn warning that we die.

ARGENSOLA.



FATHER of all ! unfold, since thou art just,
 Why does thy providence all coldly see
 Pale innocence enchain'd that would be free,
 Whilst fraud ascends the judgment-seat august.
 Who nerves the arm of power which dares oppose
 An impious resistance to thy will ?
 Shall holy zeal and timid reverence still
 Groan at the feet of thy obdurate foes ?
 See ! impious hands victorious banners wave !
 Hark ! virtue moans scarce heard amid the shout
 Of insolent triumph, and its boisterous mirth !
 Thus I complaining spoke : A form shone out,
 Gravely it spoke : " Is thy soul's centre earth ?
 Oh blind one ! not to *see beyond* the grave ! "

ON THE PROOFS OF A DEITY.

ORIGINAL.



TALK not of proofs: God must be seen, and felt,
 And known by meditation; not deduced
 Like some hard problem, or a riddle spelt
 By frequent guessing. Proofs on proofs adduced,
 Speak they so plainly as the wailing cry
 Of her first infant tells the mother's heart
 A mother's love doth well from God on high?
 Who hath not heard, in solitude apart,
 God's voice upon the wind? Who hath not seen
 And felt Him present? seen Him earth pervade?
 Each spring, their wither'd crowns renew with green
 In aged trees? seen Him in depths of shade?
 And glorious sunshine? and reveal'd in light
 Of stars? and in the sea's resistless might?

VILLEGAS.

—•—

I.

Now, Spring the year's contracted brow
 Unknits, and robes in brightest green
 The trees; and, victims to the plough,
 Fresh flowers are strew'd where snows were seen.
 The honours of the time complete,
 Come forth, and welcome in the spring,
 Which spreads a carpet for thy feet,
 A verdant broider'd offering
 For thee, whom, honour'd as her queen,
 She mourns away, and welcomes seen.

II.

Here in this flowing mirror see,
 Worthy of thy reflected face,
 Exulting in its waters free,
 Charms which art's rivalry disgrace.

The bygone waters would return,
The waters present stay their course ;
The coming waters from their urn
A passage prematurely force ;
All jealous, striving to possess
The image of thy loveliness.

III.

Nature is eloquent to teach :
Her lessons do not thou disdain :
The birds, though unendow'd with speech,
Can carol love, in song complain.
Come, seek their school : their love-taught notes
The text of nature will expound ;
The thrilling music of their throats
Teach us what bliss in love is found ;
And all their pretty wanton ways,
Mutely reprove our dull delays.

MELENDEZ.

CUPID A BUTTERFLY.



OBSERVING once, with secret spite,
 The rustic maidens, wild with fright,
 Fly from him when his arms he bore,
 Revenge the wily Cupid swore ;
 And straight a stratagem design'd,
 For Cupid's malice is refined.
 He seems a butterfly complete,
 With down upon his baby feet ;
 His little arms are changed to wings ;
 And sportive into air he springs.
 Now through the meadows he meanders,
 And now from flower to flower he wanders ;
 Hovers o'er this, on that alights,
 Whose honied cup his lip invites.

The maidens think him what he seems,
Not one of aught deceptive dreams,
And eager in the chase they strive :
One stoops to take him up alive,
As on the ground fatigue he feigns ;
Again he flies and mocks her pains ;
A second calls with accents kind :
Another panting lags behind.
He sees them in the contest warm,
Then starts into his proper form,
And sets their simple hearts on fire,
To gratify his childish ire.
But from that time, in love we see
The butterfly's inconstancy.
Love tarries not, but onward springs ;
Alas ! the urchin kept his wings.

MELENDEZ.

I.

WHEN I was yet a little boy,
 And Dorila as young,
 Forth to the fields we went with joy,
 Where the first violets sprung.

II.

Her hands arranged, with natural grace,
 For each a garland gay ;
 And thus, midst childish sports, apace
 The moments danced away.

III.

Our age advanced, as they withdrew,
 Unwatch'd by us the while ;
 By slow degrees our knowledge grew,
 Till innocence seem'd guile.

IV.

The sight of me would now provoke

A smile, I scarce knew why,

From Dorila ; and if I spoke,

A laugh was the reply.

V.

The flowers I pluck'd she swiftly twined,

Her own had little care ;

It took her twice as long to bind

My chaplet in my hair.

VI.

One summer's eve two doves we spied ;

Their trembling bills were cross'd ;

Then first we knew for what we sigh'd :

The lesson was not lost.

A FABLE.

ALTERED FROM THE SPANISH OF YRIARTE.

A PIEDMONTESE, from fair to fair,
 Display'd a Vestris in a bear ;
 An ape likewise, whose tricks self-taught
 The grinning crowd's approval caught,
 (Judgment as that of critics sound,
 Who think all 's wit where mischief's found) :
 And last it was his luck to own,
 A treasure in itself alone ;
 A pig, to letters train'd, polite
 Of course, the beast was erudite.
 With open mouth, each wondering lout
 Would view its orthographic snout
 Choose letters, and hard words compose,
 Without the due didactic blows.

Then, if some rude unletter'd hind,
Impell'd by generous shame, repined,
Felt his own ignorance, and thought
That letters might, though late, be taught ;
How would the burly shaven priest
Exorcise the sleek, learned beast ;
Judge it possess'd, a hog of hell,
Whose devil-directed nose could spell,
Pointing to knowledge, and to sin ;
Whilst secretly he'd grieve within
O'er spelling true, ah ! not his own !
And think the pig, their rival grown,
Might shake their intellectual throne ;
And force his convent, fond of rule,
Once more to put themselves to school !
The bear, first favourite no more,
Surly, as though his ears were sore,
The fickle public to regain,
And give the " pas " to dance again,
Tries and retries his steps with care,
Since to be perfect's not in bear.

The pig and ape, spectators mute,
Observe the labours of the brute
Shuffling, and struggling hard for ease,
And ever labouring to please.
At length Sir Bruin thinks he spies
Derision in pug's watchful eyes :
And criticism seems to sneak
In that dry tongue-distended cheek.
“ Good ! Eh ? ” he daring asks ; “ my style
Is all my own, it 's new.” “ It 's vile,”
The Ape cries, midst the Hog's dissent,
Who finds the dancing excellent ;
Praises the grace of hams and paws,
Applauded, (he could spare applause,)
So natural ! and owns that pigs
Shine less in minuets and jigs ;
And even the critic he defies
To equal that which he decries.
Then Bruin, with a thoughtful air,
Cries, “ Friend, your panegyric spare ;

A censuring Ape I might distrust,
His blame's too general to be just :
But, oh ! preserve me from my friends !
I must dance ill—a Hog commends."

TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE.

BOOK I.—ODE III.

I.

THEE, may the Cyprian queen divine,
 And Helen's brethren, glittering sign,
 And Æolus, the winds' stern sire,
 (Save Iapyx all his subjects bound,)
 Ship! prosperous guide; that safe ashore
 Our Virgil, to the Attic ground
 Thou mayst, thy trusted freight, give o'er,
 And save one half my soul entire.

II.

His bosom fenced brass triply stout,
 Who first in fragile bark put out,
 Braving the ocean; undeterr'd
 By south-west winds, in contest dire

With north-east blasts ; sad Hyades,
 Or by the south wind's fiercer ire,
 Lord o'er the Adriatic seas
 Calm'd at its sovereign will, or stirr'd.

III.

What shapes of death could him affright,
 Who view'd those ill-famed summits, hight
 Acroceraunia, and the swell
 And swimming monsters of the main
 With steadfast eye ? God's wise decree
 Disjoins the lands remote in vain,
 If impious, o'er the severing sea
 The bark contemptuous sails propel.

IV.

Man, bold to endure where gain's the cause,
 Bursts through divine and human laws.
 When bold Prometheus, for our race,
 Plunder'd of fire the mansions blest
 By wicked fraud, o'er earth new bands
 Of fevers brooded ; forward prest

The pestilence, and new commands
 Quicken'd death's first retarded pace.

v.

On pinions, unto man denied,
 Once Dædalus void æther tried.
 By force, hell's bounds Alcides past.
 Nought is too arduous for man :
 We foolish, heaven itself invade,
 Our desperate crimes fresh outbreaks plan :
 And force Jove's hand, by mercy stay'd,
 The angry bolts to launch at last.

BOOK I.—ODE V.

WHAT slender youth, whom many roses crown,
 Whose hair rich liquid unguents steal adown,
 Wooes thee, coy Pyrrha, in some pleasant grot?
 For whom dost thou thy golden tresses knot
 Neat in thine elegance? How oft he'll weep
 Thy faith and gods as mutable! The deep
 How oft, poor simple novice, he'll admire
 Blackening beneath the savage tempest's ire,
 Who now enjoys thee in thy golden days,
 Unconscious how the changing wind betrays;
 Ah, credulous! and fondly hopes to find
 Thee his for ever, and for ever kind.
 Woe unto whom thou glitterest untried!
 My votive picture, in his temple, tells
 I've hung my garments, reeking from the tide,
 Before the God, whose power the ocean quells.

BOOK I.—ODE IX.

I.

How white Soracte stands, behold,
With lofty snows ! Its labouring trees
Groan 'neath the weight. The rivers freeze
And flow no more, congeal'd by cold.

II.

Replenish largely from your store
The fire with logs, dispel the chill ;
And wine, the cherish'd four-year old,
From Sabine cask more freely fill.

III.

Leave to the gods the rest : whose word,
Soon as it lulls the boiling seas
Battling with winds, the cypress trees,
And aged elms, no more are stirr'd.

IV.

Ask not, to-morrow what may chance,
 Count it for gain whate'er betide :
 Nor spurn, to peevish age denied,
 Soft loves, my boy, nor yet the dance :

V.

Whilst hoary age, morose and sour,
 Spares thy green spring, youth's pastimes light
 By day, soft whisperings by night,
 Be thine, at the appointed hour,

VI.

The hiding maid's forced laugh, dear sound,
 From secret nook, love's fond alarm ;
 The pledge, which beauty's plunder'd arm,
 On irretentive finger bound.

BOOK III.—ODE XXIX.

•

I.

SPRUNG from the Etrurian kingly line
 Mecænas, thee my choicest wine
 Stored in a cask ne'er broach'd, my best
 Of unguents for thy hair exprest,
 With roses fresh, invite to stay ;
 Come, snatch thyself from dull delay.
 View not for aye moist Tibur's glade,
 With Æsula's inclining side,
 And rocks where erst his refuge made
 Telegonus, the parricide.

II.

Leave loathed plenty, and retire
 From piles which to the clouds aspire ;
 Leave wealthy Rome for humbler joys,
 Its smoke, its riches, and its noise.

Vicissitudes delight the great
 Well pleased sometimes to quit their state :
 Beneath the poor man's humble roof.
 A frugal supper neatly dress'd
 Oft smooths the brow, keeps care aloof,
 Though there no purple couch be prest.

III.

Above, Andromeda's fierce sire
 Glows in the skies with splendid fire ;
 Now Procyon rages, and the star
 Of the mad Lion seen afar ;
 The sun brings back the time of drought,
 The wearied hind his flocks hath brought
 Languid with heat to shade and stream
 There ; where secure in tangled brake
 The rough Sylvanus shuns day's gleam,
 And winds the silent bank forsake.

IV.

Thy task it is to guide the state,
 Solicitous the city's fate

To learn, what eastern hordes design,
 What Bactra, ruled by Cyrus' line,
 Or China; or why discord reigns
 Where Tanais flows through sandy plains.
 God knows, alone, what is to be,
 Prudent, the future veils in night,
 And laughs when ills blind mortals see
 Foreboded, with extreme affright.

V.

Use what the present moment brings;
 Like to some stream are future things,
 Which in mid channel calmly glides,
 To mix in the Etrurian tides:
 Anon, adown its waters borne
 Trees, cattle, houses, stones half worn
 Together roll, whilst loud is heard
 The clamour in the mountain caves
 Of neighbouring woods; and tempest-stirr'd.
 The calmest rivers swell with waves.

VI.

That man is blest who thus can say
 Lord of himself, "I've lived to day ;
 To-morrow let the gods obscure
 The sky with clouds, or sunshine pure
 Pour forth, come brightness, or come gloom,
 The past is acted, and its doom
 Pronounced ; and to revoke the past,
 Annul the joys I *have* possess'd,
 Darken the light past hours have cast,
 Is not in fate : I have been blest."

VII.

Fortune still plies her savage trade,
 Laughs at the bankrupts she hath made ;
 And insolent enjoys the game
 As shuffling honours, wealth, and fame,
 To others, now to me, she'll deal
 The prizes of her fickle wheel.
 Mine she's adored : her gifts resign'd
 Soon as her rapid pinions sound,

Meek down'rless poverty, more kind,
 I woo, whilst virtue wraps me round.

VIII.

'Tis not for me, when, strain'd and weak,
 The labouring mast is heard to creak,
 To fall to wretched trading prayers,
 Lest Cyprian or lest Tyrian wares
 With rarest spoils, unwonted gain,
 Enrich the avaricious main.
 Me favour'd by a gentle breeze,
 And safe within my light bireme,
 Shall light along the Ægean seas
 Leda's fair twins, my constant theme.

ORIGINAL PIECES.

ODE TO HARRIS¹.

ALWAYS I hated civic ² entertainments :

Mutton disgusts me simulating ³ ven'son.

Catch ⁴ me no fish hermetically fasten'd,

Harris, or oysters.

¹ Who this Harris was, is a point about which the commentators are at variance. Some say, but erroneously as I think, that he was the "puer," the "minister," of the poet. But this is not probable, for to such persons odes were not then commonly addressed. No ! Harris was no servant, he was the friend, the "commensalis," the fellow-messman of the author at the cuddy table ; whom he may be supposed to be inviting to the erratic fish, which, under the influence of a gale, has become as locomotive as ever it was in its own native element.

² Why civic, since the entertainment was nautical ? ask some matter-of-fact critics. Do not these blunderers perceive the delicately-veiled compliment to the owners of the vessel upon the richness and profusion of the viands ?

³ "Simulating ven'son." This process is, unfortunately, in some degree lost to us. Some say that mutton was made to resemble venison, by being roasted with the wool on. Others, that it was the flesh of a seven-year old male, *not a wether*. But neither of these conjectures is correct. The meat was probably steeped in a brine compounded of wine, salt, spices, sugar, and other condiments, and sprinkled with Irish blackguard and brickdust.

⁴ "Catch." Some critics would substitute "reach" for "catch." But who does not see the witty allusion to the unsteadiness of the table, to which these dull dogs are blind ?

*Still*⁵ I could feast on watery⁶ potatoes.

Fill my friend's lap⁷ soups derelict⁸, abandon'd

Sauces, rich gifts of charitable ocean

Cheaply benignant⁹.

⁵ "Still." Free from motion.

⁶ "Watery potatoes." This expression is very enigmatical. Some understand by it "dressed in, or by means of water," as potatoes boiled or steamed, in opposition to roasted, baked, or fried potatoes, his preference for which the author is supposed to insinuate. But in my opinion this reading, though ingenious, is not correct; the true sense of the expression is potatoes carried by water, that is, potatoes eaten at sea. Murphyus, however, that intemperate though erudite Hibernian critic, declares that it means any potato not Irish, which last alone, as he says, were free when dressed from superfluous moisture. He contends, that the potato esteemed by epicures was a mealy potato. But he offers nothing in proof of his assertion.

⁷ "Lap." This is plainly a misreading for "plate." It would have been an unfriendly and unamiable wish had the author prayed that liquids, as soups and sauces were, should fall into the lap of his friend, of which it would naturally have been irretentive. It is easy to trace the corruption of the text. "Plate" has been written with an elision, "pla," by a copyist studious of his ease. The now final vowel has slipped into the middle place and formed "pal;" which a careless scribe, putting the cart before the horse, has changed into "lap."

⁸ "Derelict." This implies the departure from the table of some squeamish person without the "animus revertendi."

⁹ "Cheaply benignant," that is, dispensing things not its own, liberal at the expense of others; as a generous churchwarden, a chairman distributing prizes, a prime minister filling up a pension-list, a House of Commons voting supplies, or an attorney marking undelivered briefs for a son.

THE DOCTOR WITHOUT A SOUL;

OR,

THE CREATURES OF ROMANCE.



I.

His studies o'er, his next discourse
 Impromptu learnt by rote,
 The rector rose, and doff'd a coarse
 To don a finer coat.

II.

His silken hose with shining clocks
 Which clothed each portly calf,
 His shovel hat right orthodox,
 And golden-headed staff,

III.

All spoke the doctor. On he strode:
 Soon splash'd, he vow'd irate,
 The sinner who survey'd the road
 He 'd excommunicate.

IV.

No! he'd indict his stubborn flock,
And shear their golden fleece,
Who, heeding *much* the parish stock,
Little Victoria's peace,

V.

Rebellious lieges! mended not
The errors of their ways,
(Upon their pastor's shoes a spot
Would shorten not their days!)

VI.

Thus he resolved; but cries invade
His Reverence's ear!
Is it some damsel, who, afraid,
Sees men disguised in beer?

VII.

Or one the milky mothers meet
Emerging from the byre?
Who sees a snake beneath her feet?
Or waddling toad retire?

VIII.

Perplex'd, he hurries on the while,

But soon is seen to stand

Amazed : two ladies on a stile

Were seated hand in hand :

IX.

Young were they both, and fair to view,

Yet sorrow from their eyes

Tears, so the doctor fancied, drew :

He spoke, in grave surprise :

X.

“ Issued those cries from ladies’ throats ?

And what’s the reason ? say.”

“ How canst thou ask, when all denotes

The cause ? this glorious day !”

XI.

“ Thank God,” he cried, “ the day is fine,

Yet why should that distress ?

The glass is rising ; to repine

Seems rude unthankfulness.”

XII.

“ We are not understood, we see
With optics not like thine,
What canst thou know of poesy,
A middle-aged divine ?

XIII.

“ Was ever yet a poet known
To wear a white cravat ?
A soul did ever mortal own
In a three-corner'd hat ?

XIV.

“ We could sit here and cry for hours,
Or shriek with sad delight ;
The earth, sea, sky, sun, shade, and flowers,
Are agonising quite.

XV.

“ To weep 's enjoyment half divine :
Unsavoury appears
To thee, a bibber of port wine,
The luxury of tears.

XVI.

“Farewell, farewell ! we grieve for thee ;”

(They cast a pitying glance,)

Doctor, thou hast no sympathy

With Creatures of Romance.”

A MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUE AND MARINE
ECLOGUE.

MR. ADIPOCIRE, an eminent and *reflecting* Tallow Chandler.

MRS. ADIPOCIRE, an every-day sort of Woman.

TIME—*Evening. The Sea-shore.*

MR. A.

How harden'd is the man who has not felt
His heart 'neath Nature's influences *melt* !

MRS. A.

You promised all these terms of art to drop ;
Indeed, my dear, you savour of the shop.

MR. A.

'Tis sweet to see the lazy clouds decamp,
'Tis sweet to see Night hang her silver *lamp*.

MRS. A.

Lamp !

MR. A.

And with telescope, or naked eye,
To view the lesser *tapers* of the sky.

MRS. A.

Tapers, for shame !

MR. A.

'Tis pleasing to discern
Planet from star, and know the orbs which *burn*.

MRS. A.

Burn ! there again.

MR. A.

Ah ! wherefore do they *blaze* ?
Who *lights* the sunbeams, and the lunar rays ?

MRS. A.

Oh !

MR. A.

When, as our immortal Shakespear sings,
“ Night’s *candles* are burnt out,” who daylight brings ?

MRS. A.

Ah !

MR. A.

He whose steady eye to his *concerns*
Forces the comets to make due *returns*.

MRS. A.

I’m quite worn out.

MR. A.

Who bounteous made the whales
Common and Spermaceti?

MRS. A.

Odious tales!

MR. A.

'Twas that First Cause which, for our nightly use,
Filleth the cocoa-nuts with unctuous juice,
Which bids the wether fatten to supply
A light to tantalise, not satisfy :
Which gives us fatty wax from bodies dead
Of Lamberts damp within their "narrow bed,"
Which stores the laden thighs of bees with wax,
(Its lustre hence no dining-table lacks
By footmen rubb'd, who burnish and blaspheme,)
Wax which illumines when urns emit their steam :
Wax which inspired the genius of Argand,
When lamps, despised till then, at his command
A radiance mild o'er dinner-tables shed,
Soft'ning on cheeks the artificial red,
Paling each pimply nose with chasten'd light :

MRS. A.

A—! you are quite incorrigible, quite :
When shall I ever tutor you to feel
The moral fitness of the “true genteel!”

MR. A.

Well, well, I'll not offend, love, with my tongue.
Oh! with what art those *lustres* bright are *hung*!

MRS. A.

You keep indeed a guard upon your lips.

MR. A.

Observe that bird, how prettily it *dips*;
Its plumage and its graceful shape behold,
And see how Nature works in Beauty's *mould*.

MRS. A.

I see my temper you're disposed to try,
Yet I may be lamented when I die;
Speak as you please, you're safe from my complaints,
But you're enough to vex a saint of saints.

MR. A.

My dear, you're *waxing* wroth.

MRS. A. (*going.*)

Provoking !

MR. A.

Stay,

I hear our children's voices at their play ;

I love to see them sporting on the rocks,

MRS. A.

Wetting their feet, and dirtying their frocks.

My dear, come in.

MR. A.

My darling, I'll stay out.

MRS. A.

Don't expect me to nurse you in the gout. [*Exit.*]

THE PILOT IN SIGHT.



I.

AND are you sure the news is true?
And is the pilot seen?
I see the waters changed in hue,
Old Neptune 's deck'd in green.

II.

'Tis true; I see the glistening sail
Far o'er the watery space,
White as a floating bridal veil
Thrown off a blushing face.

III.

All eyes are straining for the shore,
I long to climb above,
And shall I touch the land once more,
And hear of those I love?

IV.

Before this wearying glass has spent
Its sand, he'll be aboard ;
I'll ask not if we've pitch'd the tent,
Or sheath'd the bloody sword :

V.

If Dost Mahomed captive pine,
Or if the Tartar bend,
I'll trembling ask for one dear line
From some familiar friend.

VI.

The pilot on the deck has sprung,
He's hail'd on every side,
Shame on my false, rebellious tongue !
Oh ! why is speech denied ?

THE ARRIVAL;
 OR,
 THE LAND-LUBBER'S SONG.

I.

THE joys of the ocean let others discuss,
 A ship is to me a marine omnibus,
 Or an ark where man, beast, bird, and insect convene,
 And each living creature on board is unclean.

II.

Should slumber miraculous seal up your eyes,
 No chanticleer issues a summons to rise,
 You've the music of hounds, and should that fail to vex,
 It gives place to the sound of men swobbing the decks.

III.

In the stillness of night some fond fancies invade,
 Perchance you may dream that some fair, favour'd maid
 With delicate fingers is twining your hair,
 And you wake to find cockroaches, not fingers, there.

IV.

'Tis a Babel of sounds ; you 've the lowing of cows,
Sheep bleating, and squeaks of parturient sows,
Geese cackling, ducks quacking, curs yelping, ne'er mute,
And the wheeze of some plaintive, asthmatical flute.

V.

Around you what various odours arise !
How blest is the man to whom nature denies
The olfactory nerve, to whose nonchalant nose
The stalest bilgewater is fragrant as rose !

VI.

To dine in the cuddly tames pleasures of sense,
Proves life but a lottery ; its prizes pretence,
Its blanks dark realities, there 't will be seen
'Twixt the cup and the lip what sad slips intervene.

VII.

You drink to a fair one : how blest her escape,
Whose bosom 's not red with the juice of the grape :
Each flagon may Tantalus serve for a stoup,
And envious Neptune upsets your pea-soup.

VIII.

What pleasure to walk with a staggering gait,
With dimness of sight, and confusion of pate ;
Like a drunkard to reel when the ship gives a lurch,
And balance see-saw, like a duck forced to perch !

IX.

The city of palaces bursts on my sight !
Its mosques and its temples I hail with delight ;
A palace in every building I see,
For a pigsty ashore is a palace to me.

THE END.

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